For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenso*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me speake.

Gra. Well keepe me company but two yeeres moe
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

An. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neates togue dried, and a mayde not vendable. *Exeunt.*

An. It is that any thing now.

Bass. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are as two graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the search.

An. VVell, tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secrete pilgrimage
That you to day promisd to tell me of.

Bass. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely of from the great debts
vvherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gagd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio* l
And if it stand as you your selfe
vvithin the eye of honour, be ass
My purse, my person, my extrea
Lie all vnlockt to your occasions

Bass. In my schoole dayes, wh
I shot his fellow of the selfe same
The selfe same way, with more a
To finde the other forth, and by
I oft found both: I vrge this chil
Because what followes is pure in
I owe you much, and like a wilfu
That which I owe is lost, but if y
To shoote another arrow that se
vvhich you did shoote the first, I
As I will watch the ayme or to fi
Or bring your latter hazzard ba
And thankfully rest debter for th

An. You know me well, and
To wind about my loue with cir
And out of doubt you doe me n
In making question of my vtter
Then if you had made wast of all
Then doe but say to me what I s
That in your knowledge may by
And I am prest vnto it: therefor

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady rich
And she is faire, and fairer then t
Of wondrous vertues, sometime
I did receaue faire speechlesse m
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vnd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Porti*
Nor is the wide world ignorant
For the foure winds blow in fro
Renowned sutors, and her sunny
Hang on her temples like a gold
vvhich makes her seat of *Belmon*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.